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should have, because Little Black Sambo was a black Caucasian. That's the insulting thing he did. That's a time...I read where he said it in the paper. If I had been in the same room with him and he said it, you might not deal with me now, because the kind of assault I would have put on him would have probably been a felony, and I couldn't be in the Legislature. When I came to the Legislature, the lady who works with me now, Cynthia Grandberry, lived in Lincoln and her son was going to the Lincoln Public Schools, and they read that story to him, and she was outraged. I said, Cindy, just a minute, I'm going to handle this. So I contacted the principal and we went up there, and they had people from the central administration, but I was ready for them. I was ready for them to talk that mess about it doesn't offend us; it's an innocent child's story, and all the other things they said. So I said, well, look, I'm going to accept all that--because that's what they told me in Omaha--so here's what I'm going to do. I'm going to do an analogous, innocent child's story for black children, so that they can go home and have it read to them and then come back and recite it to these little white kids, and it was called Little Cracker Peckerwood. The mother was Fat Ma Honky and the daddy was Old Pa Redneck, and every stereotypical thing about poor southern white people I used in the story. And you know where I got the insulting terms? From reading white literature, how white people talked about each other. And as I read it, I could see the white people sitting around the table, because they expected me to give a logical argument. And some of the people sitting around the table looked like the characters I was describing, and to be honest with you, I departed from what I had written to describe the character that I supposedly was reading about, on the basis of some of the people sitting around the table. And they turned as red as beets, and I pretended not to notice. I could hear the shifting in the chairs. And I said, when the little black child goes home and the teacher asks...the parents ask, what did you learn in school, and he said that I'm Little Black Sambo. When the little white kid comes from school, then the parents ask, what did you learn? Well, I learned that I'm Little Cracker Peckerwood. Where did you learn that? Oh, in school.

SENATOR CUDABACK: One minute.